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A Fence

As a fence, it is a masterpiece, and will shut off the rabble
and all vagabonds and hungry men and all wandering
children looking for a place to play.

Passing through the bars and over the steel points will go
nothing except Death and the Rain and To-morrow.

THE POOR

Among the mountains I wandered and saw blue haze and red
crag and was amazed;

On the beach where the long push under the endless tide
maneuvers, I stood silent;

Under the stars on the prairie watching the Dipper slant
over the horizon's grass, I was full of thoughts.

Great men, pageants of war and labor, soldiers and workers,
mothers lifting their children—these all I touched, and
felt the solemn thrill of them.

And then one day I got a true look at the Poor, millions of
the Poor, patient and toiling; more patient than crags,
tides, and stars; innumerable, patient as the darkness of
night—and all broken, humble ruins of nations.

KILLERS

I am singing to you
Soft as a man with a dead child speaks;
Hard as a man in handcuffs,
Held where he can not move:

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Under the sun
Are sixteen million men,
Chosen for shining teeth,
Sharp eyes, hard legs,
And a running of young warm blood in their wrists.

And a red juice runs on the green grass;
And a red juice soaks the dark soil.
And the sixteen million are killing . . . and killing
and killing.

I never forget them day or night:
They beat on my head for memory of them;
They pound on my heart and I cry back to them,
To their homes and women, dreams and games.

I wake in the night and smell the trenches,
And hear the low stir of sleepers in lines—
Sixteen million sleepers and pickets in the dark:
Some of them long sleepers for always,
Some of them tumbling to sleep to-morrow for always,
Fixed in the drag of the world's heartbreak,
Eating and drinking, toiling . . . on a long job of
killing.

Sixteen million men.